UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST

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TWO DOLLARS A-YEAR IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXIV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1844. WHOLE NO. 1174.

Original Poetry.

TO—ON HER BIRTH DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY SAMUEL SWAIN, JR.

Why need I string my harp for thee?
Thou know'st my heart is bound to thine
In vain Affection's silvery chain
As close as mortal bonds can twine
That not the sweetest sound of word
May stronger make that holy cord!
Then however my harp be touched
I wish thee every joy that springs,
Pure from the young heart, tinted ever
With Virtue's own celestial wings.
Then however my heart is beclouded
How all the gleam of pain was gone—
How I was sad—while then were gay
With Health's young bloom that crowned thee.
Oh! then to see thy fancy play
What like a sunbeam on my way!
Upon the aspen-growing brow
The light of Womanhood is playing—
The fascination and the slaughter of 1842
With feelings unrestrained and wild
Mid laughing mirthness of pleasure straying.
Then art no longer now.
The words of They whispered clear
Fall on thy more attentive ear,
And have a dearer charm to thee
Than all the magic of the glee
Across the pensive spirit flow
Dreamer of the mysterious destiny—
Be fancy trials here below,
In wanderings of pain
Though then art still as dear to me
As when thy childhood's laugh of glee
Told that thy spirit was so free
By later droughts were all unwet—
Yet sober, here's a sense that now
Are children round our father's hearth.
That all of us have sadly grown.
The sense, by deeper scarth'd
And here's another, that I see
Some newer wonder in our parent's face
Which tell that Time has been too free
With sickness of his light and age
Dear youngest sister! there hast been
Here in the early walks of grass;
And still along the path of years
Love's firmness—tho' lashed at times with tears—
To thee new sorrow and joy
Till from below
The heavenly might must hasten to bear
Their earnest blooms away!

Prize Story.

THE HEIRESS.

A Story of the Heart.

FOR WHICH THE PRIZE OF FIFTY DOLLARS WAS AWARDED BY THE COMMITTEE.

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST, BY ROBERT MORRIS, 1842.

"The world of the Affections is THY world—
Not the cold World of Wealth and Power—in that
Thou shalt be Queen—but in the realm of Love
Thou wilt be the Goddess—Intellectually,
Feeling the highest—then chosen and loved
In power. In manner change the satire
But never so brightly in a gayer change
As in a parlour hall.

My palace or less. My heath is calm. And yet how many are unenvied! How like living objects, made distinct and palpable by some magic power of the mind, stand forth the prominent events of my social life! The world could I but recall the last few years! Could I but revert to my condition of early manhood—before the fatal cause—before I had discovered it was great—before I had tasted the bitter poison purchased somewhere—I could be happy.

Until myself of a fatal mistake—I could return to the details of my painful story. It forms a dark leaf in the volume of life, and however sad its narrative to me, the perusal may not be without benefit to others.

Life! How fleetly it passes! How the act of our being and the consciousness of existence—the moment of existence! We forget that the future is in a great measure the offspring of the present—the past. The thoughts—the hopes—the habits of our youth—the first impulses of our passionate, our moral, our intellectual existence, influence and affect us forever. The memory is a mirror in which the past and its guilt may be lost for a time, but there are moments when the dimness will disappear, and the vanished years, with all their deathless records, loom out, and terrify the impenitent and haughty soul. Oh! that my youth could be recalled! "Down—down!!" There, written in indelible characters—interblended with our being, they will be with us longer than our mortal life—as long as life shall last. So also will shine in the calends of the past, the holy impulses of virtue—the bright unbidden of a pure nature—the fleetings of the unsophisticated heart. Like angel eyes they will look brightness through all the long lapse of years. And when the soul is passing to gather strength, the golden glory of those early memories will shine with the true beauty of life's morning hour, and the wayfarer will feel better, happier. Oh! Vice, thine is a bitter penalty! Virtue, though thy pathway be stony and difficult at the commencement, it becomes easier and sunnier with every hour's progress.

But I wander! I would be calm—subdued—resigned. And yet to tell my own story—and such a story! I cannot wonder that I feel the blood mantling to my temples—that my cheat heaves, and my hand trembles. A moment more, and I will commence the narrative. Would that it were fabulous—the mere coinage of the brain. Would that I could blot it from my mind and heart, at once and forever. Would that that pale and pensive face did not haunt me with its look of quiet beauty and tranquil sorrow!

But hold! Voice! that song! No—no! 'Twas but fancy—false, excited fancy. Oh! that it would ever present such objects—such sounds! Music would soothe. But, Death, cold, relentless, and remorseless Death!—how it appals and terrifies!

* * * * *

My name is Edward Fairman. I was a first born and only son. My parents were neither rich nor poor. My father was possessed of a heritage, lived in good style, and educated his children, myself and two sisters, with liberality, but not of the most fashionable ostentation. My sisters were my seniors by several years. They were lively and attractive girls—intelligent beside—in the contrary, she was all frankness, equality and generosity—she never lagged when engaged in the social amusements and saintly kindnesses of the household. And yet they all felt, or rather I felt, that Matilda was destined to move in a sphere of life distinct from theirs. They knew that her education was superior to theirs. She played with skill upon one or two instruments—she sang with feeling—she spoke French with fluency—she had a taste for the lighter walks of literature—her fortune was large, and she was evidently an object of more than ordinary interest with the few friends who visited the family of Mr. Browning. Thus, despite the sensibility of the heaven, an erroneous estimate was apparent in their intercourse with her guardian's family. They could not but repine with her—her tastes were more elevated than theirs—her feelings were finer—her aspirations were more intellectual. Without parents to look up to and love—without a friend with whom she could sympathise fully and with her whole nature, there was still a void in her young and guileless heart.

Soon, too, admirers began to flutter around her. She possessed the gentle witchery of beauty—eyes, and exerted himself to the utmost to keep her from the society of the profligate, however polished, while, in his own heart, he was pointing out to her the perils of her position, and warning her to beware of the designing and the unprincipled. Soon Matilda's mind became perplexed and bewildered. Her dispositions—so confiding and affectionate—induced her to step forward and reciprocate the good will and kindly professions of all with whom she became acquainted; but constantly her guardian's counsel rang in her ear, "Beware—beware—he is a beggar—he is a villain—he is an adventurer"—or some similar expression of warning.

Alas! how difficult was it for her to credit all these admonitions and assertions! At first she started back with astonishment when told that the young gentleman who had paid her so much attention the evening before, was not what he appeared to be—that he was poor—that he had seemed to her, she would avoid him, of course, for the future. But Mr. Browning was right in his suspicions. Young Fairman, as soon his wand listened with less terror to his dark portraits, while as the words of artful and polished villainy fell upon her ear, every sentiment—and the bursts of manly honor, gave back upon her memory, she could not but feel confounded and ill at ease with her self by the good guardian. "He was"—thus she mused—"perhaps somewhat prejudiced against the young—he had forgotten his own youthful days, habits and follies—his blood had grown cold and sluggish—he was too harsh—the world could not be so corrupt—so selfish,—so mercenary as he described it."

I remember, as an event of yesterday, the last time that Matilda and myself knelt down to God I had never seen her! She was then in her eighteenth year, tall, graceful, and beautiful in every figure. She was perfect in the ordinary acceptation. There was little about her calculated to dazzle, or to excite quick admiration. But when the whole thing very sweet, deeply touching in the expression of her face, especially when raising the lids of her full blue eyes, the soul of an angel seemed to look out upon you. Her mien was rather large, but her teeth were white as pearl; her lips rich, ruby and beautiful. She was lovely rather than beautiful—winning rather than dazzling—the heart seemed to prefer her to the sensations and admiration which she would excite upon a first view. Her voice was sonorous and yet delicate, and the sensibilities and affections of her heart gave to her tones, manner and character. She was indeed a true woman in the delicacy and tenderness of her feelings—a true specimen of what her sex ought to be. Matilda was a child of nature—she was not learned—she was not versed in the world—she was not familiar with her history to some time, and yet she possessed a native delicacy and refinement—and these qualities and a fund of information, which she had gathered from books, rendered her conversation peculiarly interesting. She

Agricultural.

A MODEL FARM.

We copy from the Massachusetts Ploughman the following description of "Sherman Bridges's Farm":

Not more than thirty miles from the city of Boston, you may proceed pretty nearly due west—a driving carriage leading to the road—on the highest ground in the county, firm, and other evergreens. At the foot of the slope, on the south, a gentle brook, meandering with the wooded hillside, or where some full and generous trees, it distributes its favors over the premises, and runs back to a long lawn, that yields without cultivation the winter supplies for a stock herd of red Devons, and a few choice sheep.

Mr. Brinley's farm consists of one hundred acres. Eighty of cleared land, ten of wood, and ten of timber land. The seventy acres of forest lie north of his buildings, and protect him as well as his herds from the northerly winds.

The highway runs nearly east and west, and his house is set square with it instead of varying with a south and south line. As the house stands on the north side of the highway it faces southerly, and you are not tempted in a cold day, to go round to the backside to enter it.

No evergreens are planted on the south side to screen it from the sun in winter—and we admired there but such trees as are called deciduous or summerly enough to shed their rays as soon as they are found in autumn, and let the warmth which is wanted in the building or short days. But a belt of trees is described on the west and north sides of the building, holding influence in wind and snow, and looking as fresh, through the whole winter, as in June.

The barn and out-houses stand easterly from the dwelling house, and on the same side of the way, leaving the ground to shed all of the water that falls, or is brought to shed all of it easterly. A wet into a pit on the eastern side where materials are thrown to become impregnated. Thus no one is made in the yard to endanger the cattles' bones and no mire-pits are formed in the yard to breed the diseases of the owner's footman.

A sheep shed runs the whole length of the west side of the yard, and another forms the east side.

The barn cellar is sunned on three sides, leaving an opening only for the entrance of teams. Here are the stalls and sheds; and when one or more requires different feed or treatment they are put in a single room.

Racks are made round, that the cattle may not on either side without fear, as they will gather around a small stack of hay, not being crowded, and not being hooked, but free to fly off in a tangent when a superior mate at them.

The cattle have learned their places, and there is no more danger from hooking than there is of a parallel in summer, the master cattle having their favorite stands and keeping them the principal part of the eating hours. Some hay is wasted, as course hay always will be, in any mode of feeding; but as the yard is never very wet, and as straw and the poor hay are fed under some circumstances, in the circular racks, very little hay that is valuable will be lost, and the poor hands will be eaten much when exposed in the yard or in open racks, than when placed in a close manger to the less cattle that insist either starve or eat in fested position—the head confined and the knees went keen on a hard floor.

The cellar is warmer in cold weather, than the sheds, and in the coldest nights the master cattle choose the warmest part of the cellar. That is the south end, to be down in, and sometimes happens that the underlings will choose to be close beside them, and you will find a choice herd lying in a small compass. But in moderate weather you will find the cattle preferring the open sheds to breathe a free air.

Mr. Brinley finds his cattle will eat coarse fodder better when they run loose, than when they are tied to a stanchion; that they lie more comfortably, and much cleaner; and that the labor of tending them is not half so great that the milk is cleaner, and that the manure is much more valuable. For every drop of the urine of the cattle is absorbed by the straw that is carried into the yard and under the barn in autumn. The solid part too is tred down and mixed with the loam instead of freezing and thawing, as it will when thrown out at the windows in the usual manner.

The whole cellar is not occupied by the cattle, for the hay for hay takes 15 feet of it, and runs down six feet below the floor. This hay 15 by 40 feet, holds six tons below the floor, and no six tons more will fill it only six feet above the floor, 12 tons are packed into a space one hay without a man or a boy to take it away from the carter.

One man goes up from the field with a load of hay and pitches it off without necessarily leaving the others to take and prepare for the next load. This makes a great saving of labor in the very busiest part of the day, and when there is the greatest danger of loss from unfavorable weather.

Under the barn carts can be driven without obstruction, either in one end and out another, about as occasion requires, to carry in loam or carry out manure. A pump stands a couple of rods from the barn and a trough conducts the water to the trough which stands in the watering part of the cellar and seldom freezes.

Mr. B. having eighty acres of cleared land, ten of which is natural meadow, and sometimes flooded, he keeps forty more in tillage and mowing. He has two acres of orchard-ing which he keeps constantly broken up and no cattle or horses are allowed in the orchards. It.

There remain nearly thirty acres of pasture land, and of which he says plainly that three thirty acres he surmises fifteen cows, or cattle of some kind, and he keeps that many upon such an cows. The value of his dairy furnishes the principal part of the food for his young hogs. And he keeps but few swine, and he has the whey, cheese, &c. He plants two acres of corn, and one of potatoes, never planting the same plot more than once before laying it again to grass.

Four acres of his lightest soil are devoted to buckwheat. And as such land or soil is not plowed till the last of June, a green crop of weeds, &c. is always turned under, and the buckwheat has the benefit of the whole harrowed in with the seed. Ploughing and without manuring. But let buckwheat only seed land between May and August, as the first crop to enrich the land, and then let him have enough to sow again for a harvest.

The course pursued by Mr. Brinley is to spread manure from which he makes sometimes getting sixty tons of hay, besides about twelve tons of stock that he can live grazed. Now, as to the brooke up but about three acres each year, his English morning and would yield him but little if it shall not fill its bins ones to be planted; it would not come more than once in ten years, and in that time it would not be worth the grass roots and found out, as we call it, that it would not yield half a ton to the acre.

To remedy this evil he adopts that branch of the new system which consists in turning over the green sward in August, and sowing grass seed at once on the furrow. This saves the exhaustion which is caused by grass crops—saves the expensive operations of tillage—and secures large annual harvests of that most important article in a cold country, the most nutritious of hay. New England timothy is a good hay harvest.

Mr. Brinley's cattle look sleek and handsome. If they are not all Devons they have the Devon color and appearance. The cattle are found adapting to their sides and flanks, and they may be appreciated much better in the cellars than subjecting the inspector to a sight of filth and slime.

Mr. B. fattens ten hogs annually which on the average 400 lbs. This, at 6 cents, 96 per hundred—gives for these 40—$240. He sows about half Ruta Baga—$600. He sometimes sells from 15 to 20 tons of a ton in a year. This at $15 per ton, the average price of hay for lately years past, gives on the average $300 more.

Mr. Brinley keeps a couple of horses, and sells those that are the principal part of the labor on his farm. Enough he occasionally keeps for market. Sometimes he purchases them from the country in autumn, keeps them through the year and sells them for beef and keeps a less number of cows.

His four acres of buckwheat give him eighty to one hundred bushels of grain, and his two acres of corn yield him, on the average one hundred and twenty bushels; and he rates his corn six and oats on last three acres at general that were planted otherwise instead of rye, for his corn one. Generally he makes it a rule to buy nothing he can raise on his own farm so that whatever money or hard labor he has to expend, except in regard to the surplus which he has for sale.

In winter he needs but little help, for when at leisure he chooses to feed his own cattle by throwing their hay into the racks; and one of his horses pumps all the water for his stock by means of a fixed horse power, the cost of which was less than $20. The same horse at the same time, and in the same gear, may turn a grindstone, an auger, a chisel, and washing machine. The churning and washing are done on Monday morning.

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY MORNING, JANUARY 27, 1844.

NEW PREMIUMS.

To any person sending TWO DOLLARS in advance, we will send the United States Saturday Post for one year, and a copy of Godey's Lady's Book.

For FIVE DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one of the above books.

For TEN DOLLARS, eight copies of the United States Saturday Post, and either of the above books.

For TWENTY DOLLARS, seventeen copies of the United States Saturday Post, and one copy of Godey's Lady's Book, and one copy of the Ladies' National Magazine.

For TEN DOLLARS, three copies of the United States Saturday Post, two copies of Godey's Magazine, and two copies of the Ladies' National Magazine.

KEEP IT BEFORE THE POETS.

That the publishers of the Saturday Evening Post offer the

FOLLOWING PRIZES.

For Poems to be handed in to the publishers by February 1st, 1844.

For the best POEM of two hundred lines or more, ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

For the best Poem of one hundred lines or less, one hundred dollars.

For the second best shorter Poem, Twenty-Five Dollars.

The Poems to be submitted to the Committee must be delivered at 98 Chesnut street before the first day of February, 1844.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

In our news columns will be found this week an interesting budget of news from Europe. Among the most it will be perceived that the English Editors do not seem to like Mr. Tyler's Message. We have no disposition to question their right to the expression of an opinion: nor do we think it reasonable to expect of them that they should approve the Message of the President of the United States in which he insists on the American side of a dispute now pending between them and the United States. Perhaps it is not pleasing John Bull in that particular way to see very good reason why it will please a good portion of the President's countrymen.

But there is one topic of complaint which is altogether unreasonable. The English editors would have Mr. Tyler go into a denunciation of repudiation. But we see no possible reason why this can be expected of him. Strictly speaking it is simply his duty in his message to touch upon topics which are the legitimate subjects of congressional legislation or action. Now, whether repudiation is one of those subjects *in its present aspect*, is a most point, indeed a very acute one, for discussion; and Mr. Tyler has a perfect right, as a citizen of the United States to his own opinion; and probably in all the lands dividend he has exhibited in that. Mr. T. in the United States, nobody has thought of taking him to task for not gratuitously and studiously thrusting himself into an extra horse's nest.

But about this repudiation. There has been so much cookie and much of this ugly word—that people have lost sight of the merits of the question. And in the true state of the case. But now that in the United States, threatened repudiation; and even in that one State, the circumstances palliate the matter considerably below the dignity which the word implies. Certain agents of the State chose to sell her bonds in a manner, and at a price evidently unfavorable to her, the terms of the act by which those bonds were issued. The very circumstances of the trade were such as to create the most strong suspicion, whether the State is bound by an illegal transaction: Whether, having granted power of bonds by which corruption was practised she is bound by an issue made in direct violation of those restrictions, and, of course, wholly illegal. But, while being thus suspicious that she has always said, that strict *equity*, sound policy, and a due regard to State honor, point us to the course of honesty. But now that in the true state of the case. But now that in the United States, threatened repudiation; and even in that one State, the circumstances palliate the matter considerably below the dignity which the word implies. Certain agents of the State chose to sell her bonds in a manner, and at a price evidently unfavorable to her, the terms of the act by which those bonds were issued. The very circumstances of the trade were such as to create the most strong suspicion, whether the State is bound by an illegal transaction: Whether, having granted power of bonds by which corruption was practised she is bound by an issue made in direct violation of those restrictions, and, of course, wholly illegal. But, while being thus suspicious that she has always said, that strict *equity*, sound policy, and a due regard to State honor, point us to the course of honesty. But now that in the true state of the case. But now that in the United States, threatened repudiation; and even in that one State, the circumstances palliate the matter considerably below the dignity which the word implies. Certain agents of the State chose to sell her bonds in a manner, and at a price evidently unfavorable to her, the terms of the act by which those bonds were issued. The very circumstances of the trade were such as to create the most strong suspicion, whether the State is bound by an illegal transaction: Whether, having granted power of bonds by which corruption was practised she is bound by an issue made in direct violation of those restrictions, and, of course, wholly illegal. But, while being thus suspicious that she has always said, that strict *equity*, sound policy, and a due regard to State honor, point us to the course of honesty.

Now this is the only shape in which "repudiation" has been itself; not even in this form it has not, so far as we know, been adopted by any official act. If it is subject to sources a case of dishonesty because he disputes the terms of a bill, it is unjust to accuse a State of *repudiation* when she only does the same thing. Between the two there is a wide distinction, in this connection, in the refusal to pay a debt admitted to be valid. Mississippi has so far only refused to meet her legalized certain claims brought against her. And it strikes us that it is exceedingly loose talking to speak of this as a case of repudiation, because one State of the confederacy denies the legality of a portion of the claims against her. We know very well that several of the States are indebted in a larger amount than they can at present pay. We know that in some of them the interest has been suffered to fall into a embarrassment—it may be criminal negligence—it may be insolvency—but it is not repudiation. Call it, however, what you will, and it is but a timid following of bad Old World examples—but more to be shame! We ought it to better than to follow the evil patterns of kings and courts, though the fact is not to be but true, that kings, and under crown or fell last, or has been be often sold, or playing last and loose in cow-hide bargains.

On our first page this week, we have another of the PRATT TALES—a touching story from the pen of Mrs. Caroline Orne. The reader will not relinquish the perusal, once commenced, until it is finished: and will be easily forget it when once finished. The other stories, and the outside pages, presents a pleasant variety of reading from many pens; and the inside pages will be found filled with interesting intelligence from various quarters.

THE TRUNK ROBBERY.

We perceive that the Pennsylvania Train will not cease to be the newspapers, in part at least, for some time. Mr. P. N. Rust, the baggage-master of Syracuse, who was wrongfully accused of complicity in the robbery, has commenced two or three libel suits against newspapers—in which he will permit us to say he is doing a decidedly foolish thing. The newspaper accounts of the matter were written not only without malice against him, but in favor; and his character, good before, stands unimpeached. He would do better to let them alone.

A constable who gave the information which led to his arrest, has been arrested for perjury. But this will probably end in nothing. The woman Leggett, who said she had been employed to sign some of the stolen bills, has also been arrested for forgery. She may amount to something, though perhaps it will have little to do with this particular crime. She, also, should be taught to lay their deliverer's name among their earliest words.

TEMPERANCE.

Quite an animated meeting of the "Fremont's Vigilant Total Abstinence Society" was held at the Medical College in Washington, last week on Friday. Hon. J. Jones Wilkins was among the speakers and affixed his name to the pledge, Beside three of the other Congressional tee-to-tallers Lieutenant Sackett of the Navy, Mr. T. O Hoskes of Ohio, and other gentlemen also addressed the meeting. It is stated that on that occasion, and on many others during the week, a great many names were added to the list; and the Intelligencer informs us that some pecuniary and important advocates have been gained in the cause.

ACQUITTED.

A young woman named Amelia Norman was some time since arrested in New York, for an attempt to murder a young man named Henry S. Ballard, by stabbing him with a knife on the steps of the Astor House. She was indicted, and tried for an attempt to kill. In her case a precedent was made of the famous precedent in the case of Vaghese Mackey and Hyde. Evidence was allowed in show evidence of mendacity, desertion, and the other abominable circumstances of seduction which usually accompany such cases. The story is a cruel one, and an immense interest was excited in the court by the progress of the trial.

The case was given to the jury at 9 o'clock on Friday evening, and in an hour and a half afterwards, their verdict, the dense mass of listeners keeping their place in the court house. The New York papers thus describes the scene when the verdict was declared:

Clerk.—Gentlemen of the Jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?

Foreman.—Yes we have. We find Amelia Norman, the accused, NOT GUILTY!

The audience, or a great portion of it, here broke forth in a perfect burst of applause, which was continued for some minutes, in spite of several rounds, by stamping of feet and ringing of bells. Order was, at length, restored by repeated expressions.

Court.—Order—order—rap—tap—rap.

Officer.—Silence!—order!—hush!—keep it down!

Old Hem.—Gentleman, enter, order. You, there, in the gallery keep quiet and off the railing.

Clerk.—(Much agitated, and addressing the Court) we have rendered a verdict, in which perfect unanimity, and the case of the jury, in the whole audience appeared to be centered upon their feet to congratulate each other, and almost every man was seen shaking hands with his neighbor in congratulation of both the result and Messrs. Merrell, Graham and Carpentier, the counsel assigned by the Court for the prisoner, to render their meed of praise for their services.

Court.—Order—order—silence—order.

Clerk.—Order—Gentlemen of the Jury, do you say that the accused, Amelia Norman, is not guilty, and render that verdict as your opinion: not do we think it reasonable to expect of them that they should approve the Message of the President of the United States in which he insists on the American side of a dispute now pending between them and the United States. Perhaps it is not pleasing John Bull in that particular way to see very good reason why it will please a good portion of the President's countrymen.

But there is one topic of complaint which is altogether unreasonable. The English editors would have Mr. Tyler go into a denunciation of repudiation. But we see no possible reason why this can be expected of him. Strictly speaking it is simply his duty in his message to touch upon topics which are the legitimate subjects of congressional legislation or action. Now, whether repudiation is one of those subjects *in its present aspect*, is a most point, indeed a very acute one, for discussion; and Mr. Tyler has a perfect right, as a citizen of the United States to his own opinion; and probably in all the lands dividend he has exhibited in that. Mr. T. in the United States, nobody has thought of taking him to task for not gratuitously and studiously thrusting himself into an extra horse's nest.

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POST OFFICE.

Certain gentleman having come to the conclusion that the right of the United States to the exclusive transportation of the mail is a legalized monopoly, have established Post Offices under the name of the "American Mail Company," and have established Post Offices at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Boston. Mails will run daily between New York and this city. The mails from New York to Boston, and from Boston to Philadelphia, are also performed. Postage 6¼ cents for each half ounce, irrespective of distance. The mail to Washington will be sent on to M. T. that for Boston at 31 P. M. The Company conveys letters only

Congress, in the meanwhile, introduced a bill for the reduction of postage, into the Senate. It proposes a large reduction. The rates are all reduced to 5 cents, if not to more than one hundred miles, and 10 cents for all over that distance not exceeding that weight; restricts the franking privilege to but three ounces, and from all postmasters, from all heads of bureaus, but leaves it with heads of departments only; abolishes the franking privilege of members, and those ladies of Presidents to whom it is now extended. Takes it away partially, from members of Congress, but makes it effective on the post office department to furnish members with so many franks a day; restricts the use of the mail to letters and newspapers, and enactments, reduces very materially the rates on newspapers, pamphlets, &c.

A KENTUCKY BOY.

There was standing in the store on board of the Shepherdess a lad named Casey from Shelby county, Ky., whose conduct entitles him to more than passing notice. The most intense love and fair above the "average," though his age is but fourteen. When the boat began to sink, and all was confusion, he was heard to say that who was saleeep, from a state-room, and carry him on the upper deck, while the cabin was filling with water. He did so, and brought a new two infants, which in the alarm and confusion had been left almost naked and without clothing. Returning to the state-room for the stripped himself of most of his clothing, which he wrapped around them, and took one under each arm, and commenced wading through their faces, alternately from one to the other. He stood upon the wreck with other of the passengers, until taken off by one of the boats from St. Louis, with his infants still under his arms, alive and well, and he still engaged in frequently changing their cold faces. Those children should be taught to beg their deliverer's name among their earliest words.

BOSTON.

The Boston Transcript condenses the Annual Bill of Mortality of that city, as follows: The total number of deaths was 2197. Of these 139 died of Consumption. 108 died of Lung Fever, 82 of Dropsy of the Brain, 60 of Pneumonia of the Bowels, 72 of Typhus Fever, 58 of Mortification, 47 of Inflammation of the Lungs, 33 of Small Pox, and 54 of Whooping Cough. These are the largest numbers presented of any particular diseases. Seventy-five have died from Old Age, and but few, as we repose to learn, from *Delirium Tremens*.

VETERANS GONE.

We notice the death of Mr. Dewey Tibbs, the death of Capt. James Collier, an officer of the Revolution; in the 93d year of his age. He was born in Dorchester county, Md. in 1751. From the commencement of the struggle with Great Britain he took a decided stand on the side of liberty, and was one of the band of patriotism and courage in some of the most trying scenes of the Revolution. In one of these engagements, in which he was called the "Flying Camp," as a lieutenant under Capt. Reed, in the year 1776. The next year he was promoted, and was at the close of the war a Captain in the line of the State. He was at the battle of Long Island, and among those who covered the retreat of the American army, with Smallwood, Brandywine, in common with the other officers of the Pennsylvania line, he was posted on the left, and encountered, in the attack of Lafayette, which he retained to the day of his death. In the expedition against the Indians in 1778, and in all the skirmishes in which he was engaged with the enemy, he was known as a good officer and soldier. His person was also as befitted a commander—well, portly and erect, even when he was ninety years old.

In the year 1814 he removed from North-umberland county, in the State of Ohio, to the neighborhood of Greenfield, in Ross county, where he sustained the reputation of an affectionate husband, a kind father, a faithful neighbor, a promoter of peace among those with whom he had intercourse, and a sincere lover of his country, which he manifested on his frankness, integrity, and manly independence.

John Carpenter, Esq., who lived at Providence, R. I., at the breaking out of the Revolution, in which he was first a soldier, then lieutenant, then quartermaster, was stationed at Rodbury on the day of the battle of Bunker Hill, was wounded at Harrison Heights, was one of the first that passed over Delaware with Mifflin, and was in the battle of Monmouth, died lately at Lynden, Vt., aged 89. The North Star volunteers resided at the county of Newport by the British, which shows his firmness of metre:

"In pursuit of the Americans from crossing from Newport to the main land, they took up the bridge except the arch on Gen. Lafayette was in the act of passing the bridge, but its height and length made his head whirl, and it was with difficulty he got over without a wetting, and it would not begin to pay for the smoke so many men whom we could point out, and who notwithstanding call themselves 'moderate' in the use of the article.

THE HUTCHINSON FAMILY.

These delightful singers, at their last concert in this city, which took place in the Musical Fund Hall, on Friday evening week, drew an overflowing audience, and were rapturously received. Their style of singing is certainly not without its faults and imperfections: but it is in such pleasing contrast with the Italianised style which has become fashionable, that many that the audiences are delighted. The American spirit, and the love of country and of home which breathes in their songs, are among the most pleasant features of the entertainment.

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The Sun quotes from a letter in relation to Huntingdon in this State the following: A man named Zimmerman, residing in that town, having an altercation with his neighbor, made an affirmation in relation to his account and said, *if I have stated it not true, I wish the ox I mightily would send me to hell!*" The words were scarcely uttered, when he fell over and expired! Whether the man told truth or a lie, the occurrence should put a bridle upon the tongue of those who breathe such lot affirmations. It is fearful as well as awful in its results.

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The Board of Directors of the American Colonization Society concluded their annual meeting on Friday last at Washington. Hon. Messrs. Kilkworth, Clark, Seaton and Lindsly, of the Executive Committee of last year were re-elected, and Messrs. Peyton, Dayton and Rev. C. A. Davis were added to their number. The Rev. R. R. Gurley was re-elected corresponding Secretary, Mr. Caldwell resigned, and Rev. Wm. McLain was elected in his place. The appointment of a Treasurer was referred to the Executive Committee.

IMPORTANT SUITS.

Two of the most important suits ever tried in this country are on the docket of the Supreme Court, now in session at Washington. That of Mrs. Gaines is the first on the calendar, and involves the right to many millions of dollars. The other case is between Girard's heirs and the litigants in town are Mrs. Gaines and Dr. Clarke, who has returned from Paris to attend the trial. Dr. Clarke is a lawyer, and when Judge Story, we are gratified to see, is so far recovered to be able to attend to his duties.

A GREAT HOTEL.

A newspaper letter writer from the accommodations of a new hotel in the West says, "Our old friend Swan drawed a crowded house, and he fixed the best in the way of feeding, waiting, and roosting folks." Where's Hitchcock? Where's Robert Carlton? Where's Willard? Where's Chicken Swim's, Common Sense's, and all the usual appurtenances of Western vernacular are rooted over, and ever crowned by "our friend Swan."

THE SHEPHERDESS.

Later and more definite accounts of the loss of the Shepherdess, near St. Louis, contradict the rumor that Capt. Howell was saved. It is also thought that some of the engineers supposed to be lost are saved. The *highest* estimate of the loss of life is now 50; and is probably less. As far as the property affairs are known, the deck passengers are better off now than previous to the accident, as liberal have been the citizens of St. Louis.

A LONG JOURNEY.

The emigrants in Oregon have a long route to travel, much of the way over mountains and through deserts, and the distance from which the Clarksville of Mississippi has decided to make the selection. The journey is performed by the Commercial and Railroad Bank of Vicksburg. This decision is an important one, inasmuch as it will increase the profits of the Bank to the remains of the Vicksburg Bank, to the exclusion of the stockholders generally.

GENERAL JACKSON.

Letters received from Nashville state that General Jackson's residence state that his health is more rapidly than ever declining, and that he is confined to his bed. It is also stated that this cannot be far from the truth—but still he has temporarily recovered from so many serious attacks, that no safe reliance can be put on such immediate danger exists as is represented.

CHANCE FOR YANKEES.

The Governor General of Cuba has offered a premium for ten thousand dollars for the best steam machine, of easy transportation on common roads, capable of breaking stones of all kinds and sizes, and of pulverizing them at the rate of about four ounces in weight, and which shall turn out one hundred cubic varas an hour. A task in this climate indeed.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

On Saturday, January 27, the remains of the late Com. Porter will be taken from on board the Fulton, and carried with appropriate escort to St. Stephens' Church, where the funeral services will be performed. They will then be conveyed to the Naval Asylum, and buried at the foot of the flag staff, according to the request of deceased.

ENCAMPMENT.

A Military Encampment is proposed, to take place in July next, on the Revolutionary battle ground at Princeton, N. J. We presume it will be so arranged as to celebrate the Fourth upon the ground.

AN AGED LADY.

The Dover (Del.) Gazette, Express, of the 27th ult., mentions a lady who may call herself without contradiction, and who, notwithstanding the ills that flesh is heir to, will hardly be suspected of a desire to conceal her age. The Express says: Mrs. Butterworth, relict of the late Mr. Joseph Butterworth, of this town, attended church on Christmas day, leaning upon the arm of our worthy Mayor. This lady is aged one hundred and two years, and is remarkably active for a person of that age. She remembers distinctly of the battle of Long Island, and of the Hessians, and of her attempting to secrete himself in Ireland. A few years ago she danced quite briskly at the wedding of her son.

SEVERE SENTENCE.

Peter Williams, found guilty in New York of manslaughter in the first degree, for killing a young man named Hyde, in a fight between some firemen in that city, was sentenced last week, to the State Prison at Sing Sing for twenty-one years and six months. This is severe but just; and we trust there will be no intervention of false and mistaken mercy, to prevent the full infliction of the sentence. No young man—fireman or otherwise—has any business to be armed with a deadly knife, which he may draw in a fight, and which may place in his hand at the possession of such a weapon takes away all instigating circumstances which might otherwise be alleged.

A DONATION.

A citizen of Cincinnati has enclosed forty dollars to the Trustees of the Township, to be distributed among the poor. This is about what he estimates he has saved, by abstaining from the use of tobacco during the last four years, and having been thus relieved from a master slave to the weed. But ten dollars a year strikes us as a very moderate estimate for an habitual smoker and chewer. Forty dollars a year and it would not begin to pay for the smoke so many men whom we could point out, and who notwithstanding call themselves 'moderate' in the use of the article.

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MORE TROUBLE FOR ROGUES.

A letter from Washington, under date of Saturday, says, the President and Senate have ratified a treaty with France, similar to one clause of the recent treaty made between this Government and England, for giving up criminals escaping from one country to the other. This is very frightening to become decidedly an unsafe business.

TONNAGE.

There entered the ports of the United States during the year ending the 30th June, 1843, 71,474 vessels, 3,242,686 tons. Crews comprised of 112,021 men, and 2,290 boys. Cleared from the United States during the same period, 71,583 vessels. Tonnage 3,276,845. Crews 115,106 men, and 2,191 boys.

HIGH SCHOOL LECTURES.

The annual course of High School Lectures" commenced on Tuesday evening of this week, with a lecture from Professor Booth, on the "Art of Dyeing." These are among the most interesting and useful lectures delivered in the city, and serve the double purpose of amusement and instruction.

WHAT A PITY.

The Dubuque Express, referring to the story of a Craven of almost boundless dimensions, says: there is only one thing against him, and that is his love of strong drink. If he could but be persuaded to take a little water, he would be a happy man.

COAL IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The estimated home and foreign consumption of British coal in 1842, was 28,898,182 tons. The consumption of London in the city of London in the same year, was 2,620,000 tons.

Our Traveller.

PARIS AND LONDON. ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

"Paris is the toy shop, London, the world!" I have heard many an Englishman say; and yet I prefer the toy to the world. Paris offers resources to every body; London, only to the man of business, or to the lion in society. Beyond the grade-men, there is no existence without distinction seldom find access, there is positively no amusement that is n't more or less dependent on the fashion of the day. Paris is the hospitable appear' Englishmen in those clubs, that it is a rule with them not to admit the unintroduction of strangers. The latter may walk over the premises, when conducted by a member; but they are not permitted to take a chair without being proposed by a subscribing members and balloted for. The only exception to this is the "Clarence Club," the younger branch of the Athenæum, founded by the poet Campbell, after a regular quarrel with the members of the Athenæum, and the usual resort of obscure gentlemen, solicitors and solicitor's clerks. It is known chiefly by the nick name of "cheap and nasty," the fare of admission, and the annual subscription is just one-half of the sums usually paid in the other clubs of London.

In Paris one is entirely independent of society, unless one actually chooses to hunt the latter; for not only are public amusements in the highest number, and on terms as low as a room for blue-devils, but the facility with which one makes acquaintances, and the consequent advantages arising from it, are almost incredible. Take away that feeling of artificial which is peculiarly repressive in a populous city. The mere contact with people in the streets, walks, cafés and drinks amidst thousands, and thousands that have not the least care for you, tends to a freedom of mind and action, since whether one is dead or alive, is, of itself, sufficient to create a vacuum in the breast; and the impossibility of annoying with those who surround us, or of making them sympathise with our own feelings, makes one reserved and watchful. There is an appearance of heaviness about London which is positively oppressive, which is a perpetual check on hilarity. Every Englishman that does not come under the particular denomination of "gentleman," has the marks of hard labor and looks as expressive of drudgery as the implements of the agricultural debt on his shoulders; while in France, not withstanding the incessant appearance of most of the lowest occupations, every body looks as if it were created for enjoyment. With public institutions not half equal to the English, the Parisians are more generally independent of them, more ease, and of course more cheerfulness and good humor depends on the manners and the natural disposition of a people, than on legislation or the best of institutions.

No doubt the Parisians are strictly speaking, but two classes of society; the nobility and the rest, the so called "middle classes," consisting of discomposed nobility on the one hand, and the overgrown plebeians, on the other, have the entire monopoly of the middle ranks in the transition state have no rank of their own: but are elevated or debased, according to the fashion of the moment. In the wealthy aristocracy, who alone are the distinctions of the rewards of society. In France all ranks are based on the old family out of its ancient nobility of the *faubourg St. Germain* is still as proud, and probably more exclusive (for it is more select) than ever; but it is not possessed of a particle of influence beyond its peculiar sphere. The rich bankers and wholesale grocers (grocers in good) who play such an important part in the history of the day, and in Sordo's Commercial Code, are still powerful unknown beings with those they can influence with money; but they are wholly powerless with the masses, and stand equally aloof from the circle of the nobles, unless they conform to their usages. Artists and literary men have the entree of every house but are judged only by the members of the academies and the institute. But the great advantage of French over English society is the independence of the public press, which in England would be deemed its lese-gives. Choose a seat your self in the Français or Odeon, and you will see that although the fashions of Europe, and perhaps the world, are set in Paris, the French themselves are not greatly such slaves to them as the English or even ourselves.

Those who have no acquaintances in Paris and are not desirous of making them, have twenty large and good theatres to while away the time from four in the afternoon till midnight. They have in addition to that many public gardens, the diorama, panoramas, the reading saloons, the public promenades, the print shops, the Palais Royal, the gaming houses, the cafés, the restaurants, and above all the *Boulevards*, the most remarkable and agreeable walk in the habitable world, for their association with almost all they are sure to meet in every one of those places people who are willing to treat them as old friends, and to make acquaintances with them, who are ready to act as Courons without inquiring who they are, where they came from, and whether they are worthy of One may, in this manner, float all the time in society, without tasting of it more than its most agreeable qualities, and without being annoyed with its distinctions, envy, slander and persecutions. People may in this manner meet and meet again, and form social and pleasant acquaintances without knowing each other's name or business.

The theatres in France are in part supported by the Government, public amusement being considered as necessary to the people as water and light. Each theatre receives a certain sum and as an antidote against the discontentedness of the masses. In America a man feels elevated by the hope of success and advancement in life, but in France he is made happy without hope; the Government surrounding him with amusements. It is in the theatres, the promenades, the masked balls, &c., where the poor man forgets his poverty, his servitude, his hopeless condition. It is there where he forgets the historical recollections of national events, the Republic, the Empire, and the Hundred Days. And it is there also where their recollections may be revived and directed to a given object. It is something so usual during a play, the subject of which refers to French History, for the pit, who is literally sovereign, to demand the *Marseillese*, the *Chanson de Depart*, &c., that the orchestra are at all times prepared for it; for it is at the theatre principally that the people will be respected. And strange in say it is always at such places as the theatre, the circus, &c., that the French exhibit their worst propensities of bad government. The most perfect equality exists between pit and boxes

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to frank their letters addressed to us. Letters containing remittances, and letters of Agents will please endorse their letters with their names and residence.

Other letters will be charged double rate from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our Paper.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, as postage upon it is reduced to the lowest possible rate. They should always give names and time paid for.

Letters on business, to the Editor or Post Office renewal from, or will act in which the paper is to be addressed.

☞ The following agents will still act for the Saturday Post, under the new rates of postage:

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Graham's Magazine, The Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

☞ No one is travelling agent by the name of Wilson.

Mr. C. W. LAMB, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our General Agent for the West, and is authorized by *Messrs Mosher, Lee, & Smith, G. H. Comstock, J. R. Thompson, & Co. & Dent and Brother.*

SAMUEL H. WENTWORTH, Nashville, Tenn., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Graham's Magazine, United States Saturday Post, and the Ladies' National Magazine.

Enquiry reports may also be had at his store in Nashville.

Notices of New Works.

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE, *for February*, is a splendid number, with three embellishments, and excellent one. "The Moss Rose," is the most elegant illustration we have seen in any of the magazines this year. Nothing can be more appropriate. "The Moss Rose" is a sweet name that the coloring of this engraving flower. It must have cost the publisher a large sum. The other embellishments are "The Candidates," an engraving by Dick, of two beautiful and handsome girls, and "Fashion," a highly colored, after the prevailing styles. The literary contents for the month are unusually rich, there being twenty-four original articles by the most distinguished writers of this country and of England. Among them are the following from well known pens: Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Miss. Alice, H. Hastings Weld, and the Hon. John Sergeant. One of the most interesting articles is a review of Mrs. Sigourney's poems, with a biography and notice of a visit to her by one of the editors. The powerful story of "The Widow's Revenge" by Mrs. Stephens, is continued: we think it decidedly the best production of the pen of the author. "The Sisters," by Mrs. Osgood, is one of those lovers which can originate only with their writer. "Old Nancy," by Miss Leslie, is a poem far above the usual standard of magazine verses. Mr. Hall's story of "Cora," is a good one: we hope much from the young writer, he is of fine of promise. "Woman's Truth," by J. S. Jenkins might be worth more room, but we have not room to spare: enough is it to fill up a most column. But, altogether, the number is very good: we shall be pleased to see it better in its literary department. *C. J. Peterson, 98 Chestnut Street.*

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, *for February*.—Among the articles in this number, we find papers from Mrs. Embury, Mrs. H. Oakes Smith, Miss Margaret Coxe, Mrs. Robbins, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Frost, and many others, whose to notice in detail, as each is excellent in its way. The colored one, which is a fine embellishment are a fashion plate, two pieces by Dick, Victoria and her Children, and a beautiful piece of fancy painting, the Children of Edward. The reading matter is without exception, fine, and presents a melange to please all tastes and moods. Mr. Godey has reason to look up the well earned reputation of his magazine, and continue to do so.

SHERIDAN AND HIS FRIENDS. *By Lord Parker. D. D., New York: Harpers. Philadelphia: Peterson & Parrish.*—This is a good work, in many of its parts, for readers, will or none know, is the Pastor of the Clinton Street Presbyterian Church in this city, and has written a well and excellent little work: and worth the attention of all who would find out the secret springs of action.

D'AUBIGNE'S REFORMATION. *Philadelphia: Comptell & Co.*—This is a new edition containing all the notes and references of the London edition, and is invaluable to those who wish to verify quotations, or to peruse the authorities quoted by the author. It is neatly printed on good paper, and forms a handsome volume.

STOLEN FOR HIS LIGHT, AND THE CAPTIVE OF GOLCONDA. *Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.*—These are two of the most little books sent us by Herbert. The first is entitled "A Tale of the Days of Queen ——," (sorry he is a few weeks since. They contain some well written anecdotes—some good hints—and much pleasant reading.

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.—Harpers & Co. have issued the second volume of this work, which part of Harpers' neat uniform edition of Gibbons' Decline and Fall, and will be found very convenient by to say any thing of the book itself at this late day.

☞ Herbert has sent us a list of the London Pictorial Times—which is a splendid work, and the cheapest of all as order of much which books even did not exhibit a few years ago, and which is still a splendid work.

THE MUSEUM OF ENGLAND. *By Mrs. Ellis. Philadelphia: G. B. Appleton.*—This is a cheap edition of a work which has been highly commended—and which is cheap, is well on good type and paper.

ITALIAN WITHOUT A MASTER. *Philadelphia: Taylor & Co.*—A useful work, in which the rules of the language are briefly, but distinctly noticed, and, we presume, as good a book as the others.

☞ The Ladies' Companion, for February, has been received by Eather & Co. It has articles from its usual contributors.

Congressional.

IN SENATE, Wednesday, Jan. 17.—The consideration of the Tariff resolutions of Mr. Mc Duffie was again taken up.

The House bill, appropriating $45,000 for the relief of pensioners of Great Britain also appropriations for foreign ministers, was taken up and passed.

In the House, after routine business and the passage of some unimportant resolutions, the debate on the Western Water question was resumed, the question being on the amendment of a vote by which the House had instructed the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire to what sum would be necessary to keep the Missouri and Mississippi rivers free of ice and report the sum in the appropriation bill. After a speech of Mr. Wellar, of Ohio, in reply to Mr. Stewart, of Penn., who spoke on the day before, the previous question was moved and the vote was reconsidered. The whole subject being thus open again, several western members have spoken, and after a long debate, the resolution was amended, directing the committee to inquire into the expediency of the sum to be that from passed.

IN SENATE, Thursday Jan. 18.—After the disposal of several other matters, the Senate took up the resolutions submitted by Mr. Mc Duffie on the Committee of Finance, asking to be discharged from the further consideration of the Tariff bills, and of Mr. McDuffie, on the ground that the bill conflicts with that section of the Constitution, which declares that revenue bills shall originate in the House. Several speeches were made pro and con, but the Senate adjourned without taking any question.

In the House a resolution was presented from the New York Legislature, in favor of refunding fees to Jackson.

The morning hour was spent upon Mr. Adams' petition upon the Rhode Island case.

A message was received from the President, in answer to a resolution calling for copies of correspondence relative to the Oregon Convention. He states that inasmuch as the British Government has appointed a special minister to open negotiations on this subject, he deems it inexpedient at this time to communicate it better than the old list which had but about thirty.

The Crown Solicitor has addressed a formal letter to Mr. O'Connell, Mr. J. O'Connell, Messrs. Steele, Gray, Barrett, Duffy, Ray, the Rev. J. Tierney, and even to the Rev. P. J. Tyrrell, who is on note, that their trial will be held at the bar in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, on Monday the 19th inst.

The repeal meeting at the Corn Exchange in Dublin was thinly attended on the 8d inst., but this was natural during the holidays. The great agitator himself was absent, being still at Derrynane. A third party seemed also to have sprung up, unfolding among if many prominent gentlemen, who advocate a repeal of the present union, and the establishment of a "federative union" with Great Britain. O'Connell in reference to Lord Charlemont, who is one of these gentlemen, says "He will serve the country by active, and counsel, and peaceable combination. If with the Repeal Association he will; if by separate action—well: but I can reckon on our energetic assistance wherever he chooses. If he prefers a more solitary path, we will cheer him on from the Committee, and so shape our efforts as to aid his purposes as much as possible." The repeal rent for the week was only £700—but it was less for the same week last year.

The Newry Telegraph reports that the times are bad in the North of Ireland, "that every operative to be met with has his hands full of work, and that wages had increased full thirty per cent."

The resistance in the collection of poor rates in Ireland, though unobserved for a time, continues. In the Carlow Union, the Guardians are in debt on account of the arrears; but they deprecate making a new rate, which the Poor Law Commissioners will direct to be levied.

Government have issued instructions to the assistant barristers of counties, directing them to revise the jury lists with unusual strictness.

IN SENATE, Friday, Jan. 19. Petitions were presented of the same tenor as those of the day before.

Several bills of local interest were read three times and passed. Among the latter was one for the Governor, with his approval, of the Bills in relation to the Bank of Pittsburg, and the Philadelphia Insurance Company.

The bill to repeal the public interest occupied. The local election district bill, vetoed by the Governor, was called up by Mr. Bond, and passed by a vote of 23 to 19, the Governor's objections and was sent to the Senate for their action.

IN SENATE, Saturday Jan. 20.—A joint resolution and proposition to amend the Bank Restriction setting forth, that in the opinion of this Legislature no appropriation ought to be made by the General Government, for the completion of the improvements on the Ohio river, and requesting our representatives in Congress to urge the passage of a law to that effect. The resolutions passed three to one.

On motion of Mr. Stewart, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the district bill. The bill, which was read and further considered, was finally passed by a vote of 23 to 19.

A joint resolution was offered by Mr. Pennypacker, of Berks, relating to the Canal Commissioners' reports of the different departments which was adopted after some discussion.

Mr. Williams on various resolutions were received for the adoption of measures to redeem the State debt, which were referred to the committee on the Judiciary 1st correction.

In the House, Mr. Brackenridge, from the Judiciary Committee, reported as committee the resolutions from the Senate, authorizing and employing Gen. M. Dallas, Gen. Swift, and Gen. Scott for the State in the case of the Commonwealth vs. J. Fritz and Thomas Weaver. Also an act relating to executors.

There were some unnecessary about reforms in the contingent expenses of the House, and considerable remarks about the Reporter's contract—but no action was taken.

IN THE SENATE, Monday, Jan. 22.—In Senate the Tuesday Jan. 23.—The resolutions of the Legislature of Massachusetts, protesting against the annexation of Texas, and against the abolishment of slave representation in the House, were presented. Calhoun spoke pretty warm dabbate, the resolutions were left on the table.

Mr. Evans concluded his Tariff speech.

In the House, several resolutions were raised by the presentation of the Massachusetts resolutions.

Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to which had been referred the resolutions introduced by Mr. Owen, of Indiana, requesting the President of the United States to give the twelve months' notice to Great Britain required by the Convention with that government; in relation to the joint occupancy of the Oregon Territory, reported that, in the opinion of the Committee, it is not expedient for Congress, at this time, to act in any manner on the subject.

Foreign Intelligence.

ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

EIGHTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the STEAMER, Capt. Hewitt, at Boston, we have European dates to the 4th inst. days later than our last advices. The general tenor of the news is gratifying; a state of prosperity, which has been unprecedented, has commenced, which animates all interests, and a prospect of its continuance as afforded in the unanimity by the moderate counsels of the East. The great staple, cotton, has started off with an activity which will pleasantly open the new year; for the cause connected in this country: and of course all other interests will partake of the improvement. The provision trade, we regret to find, is also spoken of in an encouraging manner.

Notwithstanding the manufacturing and commercial prosperity, and of the stability, it is said that great distress prevails in London, and various remedies have been proposed to relieve it. The cause is not perhaps greater than is usual at this season of the year, nor is it confined to London—every great town in the three kingdoms, and hence European fairs suffer equally.

The affairs of the east, the Affghan continue the pleasant amusement of killing each other, to which the Asiatics seem to have a peculiar relish. Dost Mahomed has been shut dead at Cabul, by order of the Prince of Believers, the Shah of Persia, in the late disturbed state of Herat. The Cabul massacres, it appears, were not the work of a panic, but were premeditated and carried out with the greatest coolness. Coffee-Houses of the Affghan chiefs has been charged against none of the Europeans. Sir W. Macnaghten, the British Envoy, was shot by the hand of the chief himself. Sir Alexander Burnes was cut to pieces in the presence of the chief himself. Sir Alexander Burnes was cut to pieces in the presence of the chief himself. Sir Alexander Burnes was cut to pieces in the presence

Sacred Poetry.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF REV. MR. WHITE

FROM HIS PARISH, WHEN CHOSEN PRESIDENT OF WABASH COLLEGE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Leave us not, man of prayer! Like Paul, hast thou
"Serv'd God with all humility of mind,"
Dwelling among us and "with many tears,"
"From house to house," "by night and day not ceasing,"
Hast pleaded thy blest errand. Leave us not!
Leave us not now! The Sabbath-bell, so long
Link'd with thy voice—the prelude to thy prayer—
The call to us from heaven to come with thee
Into the house of God, and, from thy lips,
Hear what had fall'n upon thy heart—will sound
Lonely and mournfully when thou art gone!
Our prayers are in thy words—our hope in Christ
Warm'd on thy lips—our darkling thoughts of God
Follow'd thy lov'd call upward—and so knit
In all our worship with thine outspread hands,
And the imploring voice, which, well we knew,
Sank in the ear of Jesus—that, with thee,
The angel's ladder seems removed from sight,
And we astray in darkness! Leave us not!
Leave not the dead! They have lain calmly down—
Thy comfort in their ears—believing well
That when thine own more holy work was done,
Thou would'st lie down beside them, and be near
When the last trump shall summon, to fold up
The flock affrighted, and, with that same voice
Whose whisper'd promises could sweeten death,
Take up once more the interrupted strain,
And wait Christ's coming, saying, "Here am I,
And those whom thou hast given me!" Leave not
The old, who, 'mid the gathering shadows, cling
To their accustom'd staff, and know not how
To lose thee, and so near the darkest hour!
Leave not the penitent, whose soul may be
Deaf to the strange voice, but awake to thine!
Leave not the mourner thou hast sooth'd—the heart
Turns to its comforter again! Leave not
The child thou hast baptiz'd! another's care
May not keep bright upon the mother's heart
The covenant seal; the infant's ear has caught
Words it has strangely pondered from thy lips,
And the remember'd tone may find again,
And quicken for the harvest, the first seed
Sown for eternity! leave not the child!

Yet if thou wilt—if, "bound in spirit," thou
Must go, and we shall see thy face no more,
"The will of God be done!" We do not say
Remember us—thou wilt—in love and prayer!
And *thou wilt be remembered*—*by the dead*,
When the last trump awakes them—*by the old*,
When, of the "silver cord" whose strength thou knowest,
The last thread fails—*by the bereav'd and stricken*,
When the dark cloud, wherein thou found'st a spot
Broke by the light of mercy, lowers again—
By *the sad mother*, pleading for her child,
In utterance difficult, since thou art gone—
By *all thou lovest*, when the Sabbath-bell
Brings us together, and the closing hymn
Hushes our hearts to pray, and thy lov'd voice,
That all our wants had grown to, (only thus,
'Twould seem, articulate to God,) falls not
Upon our listening ears—remember'd thus—
Remember'd well—in all our holiest hours—
Will be the faithful shepherd we have lost!
And ever with our prayer, for which our love
Will find the pleading words,—that in the light
Of heav'n we may behold his face once more!

From the Monthlies.

FROM GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK FOR FEBRUARY.

CLEMENTINA, WHO CALLED HER FIRST CHILD, BETSEY.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

If it were not for the making of too extravagant an anti-climax in the very title of our sketch, Clementina's patronymic, as well as her baptismal, might be given. The reasons of its suppression rest, partly upon that consideration, and partly upon the fact that the writer of this veracious narrative would, by too unreserved a communication to the dear public, and too statistical a development of names and dates, make a blank in his calendar—an erasure in his visiting list. It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Clementina Blank (she is Mrs. now) would ever thereafter endure the sight of one who should, too much in the manner of a deposition, detail the doings of the teens of Miss Clementina Dash. Take the sketch, therefore, "founded on fact," and charitably believe as much as you can.

Though the poet says, "the rose by any other name would smell as sweet," and though every body quotes the sentence, as the very ottar of rose in proverbial wisdom, yet poets are not infallible, nor does every body remember every thing. Consequently one little circumstance has been overlooked—that the rose cannot help being a rose, if it would. It cannot substitute any less pleasant odor for its own, though we call it by the name of that other Persian plant, which supplies the *materia medica* with its most villainous aroma. The rose is not a moral agent—a young woman is; and not only self-willed herself, but the cause of double self-will in others, of the other sex, who delight to speak of women as their other selves. Therefore, oh madam! call your roses dahlias, peonies, poppies, if you will, but do not let their god-mothers miscall your daughters. There is no knowing what may come of it.

Good, substantial, stately women are apt to be of imposing mental and moral stature, and not addicted to making themselves ridiculous. When we find Sylphinas whose tangible presence has so outgrown early calculation, that their weight in anthracite would warm the parlor a month, we find such persons too sensible to set up for fairies. But a romantic name, when it happens to jump with a child's whims, disposition, and circumstance, is pretty certain to aggravate that romance in the wearer, with [illegible]

[illegible] unable even to understand the occasional glimpses of their daughter's mental superiority in any other light than as pettish approaches to very unreasonable ingratitude. With these kindred spirits of her own sex, Clementina could pour out her griefs, and accept theirs in interchange, but she found gentleman sylphs a much more rare variety. She had, in fact, waited in vain for a full realization of her darling hopes in that direction, and, although some moonstruck youths came almost up to her beau-ideal, they were too conscious of their own impudent nonsense, to approach the ordeal of her father's stern common sense, or if, adding the sin of presumption to their ridiculous pretensions, they did venture an attack, they were summarily and unequivocally ejected by Mr. and Mrs. Dash. Thus was our unfortunate maiden as good as sentenced to "unrequited love," for nobody in particular—doomed to single blessedness. However, as she gracefully expressed it in one of her many letters to her kindred minds: "No parental tyranny could deprive her of the communings with the invisible spirit which hovered over her path, anticipating the hour when the sordid calculations of earth-born souls no longer offending his purity, and the barriers of conventional prosaic life no longer paralyzing his golden wings, he could fulfil his destiny, and make her happy." Poor Clementina!

There was one young man whom, romance aside, Clementina would very willingly have taken for better or worse. But the course of true love in that direction ran altogether too smooth for its truth to be admitted. In the first place, both her parents, instead of opposing would have approved the match—a posture of things unheard of by novel readers, and utterly incompatible with the canons and precedents of Dan Cupid. In the next place, his Christian name was John! John!—not Lord John, nor Sir John, nor any other John but plain John, convertible into Jack, in colloquial familiarity, into Johnny in endearment. Whoever heard of a John in a novel, save John the servant, or an old fusty uncle John, good for nothing but to die at the proper time, and leave his money to those who know how to spend it? Marry John! the thing was preposterous. She could have got along with a Theodore Augustus, even if he had been a man without poetry—but John! Never!

The Dashes, with the multitude, sought a summering place. These visits to the Springs were Clementina's holidays, for, having satisfied herself that no possible romance could happen in the dull house at home, she never made a journey without an indefinite hope that some very remarkable departure from the ordinary stale routine would certainly occur to make her happy. Hope, often mocked, would not be defeated, and still the expectation returned to Clementina, after every disappointment, that she certainly would one day be blessed by being made romantically miserable by a dear delightful, poetical, but forbidden attachment.

But nothing occurred on the way to the Springs, to vary the monotony of all such journeys, except the detection, by her father, of his servant in dishonesty. As he was an old, and hitherto supposed to be a faithful servant, the [illegible]

[illegible] tree where he stood the night before! Alone—and not a soul in sight!

Should she avoid him? It would be cruelty to him, and to herself, and a heartless piece of affection. Should she invite him to address her? That would be unmaidenly and without precedent in romance—not permissible, unless he were *in extremis* or she in distress, neither of which she felt quite sure was the case. By all the rules of romance, he was bound to start forward, and she to start back—he to fall on one knee, and she to die away in a swoon—and then to wake and find herself supported in his arms, with his eyes fastened on hers. If he should, under such circumstances, salute her with a kiss, it was her duty slightly to resent it, but only slightly, to avoid mistake, the object being to teach him that kisses were too pricelessly valuable to be had without the asking—begging—praying for.

While these thoughts were rapidly passing through her mind, she had almost reached the spot where he stood, and had determined to pass without seeming to observe him. He *did* start as she approached—he *did* take off his hat—he did step toward her—and she did actually feel as if her limbs were sinking beneath her. Now were her dreams of a whole teendom (she had turned the first of time's corners) about to be realized.

"Do not be offended or alarmed, my lady"—Clementina shook like an aspen, and spoiled the corner of her handkerchief with her nails. "My lady!"—how respectful—and his accent too, evidently foreign—his manner—so deferential. She held her hand so that he might seize it if he would, and stood ready to scream a *little*. But he did not touch even the tip of her finger, and to tell the truth, seemed nearly as much frightened as herself. After a hesitating pause, he proceeded—

"I have spoken to your late coachman, and"—

"I know!" Clementina interrupted, "I know—I know it all!"

The stranger seemed a little confused, and perhaps did not quite understand her. But, after looking down at his boots an instant, he continued, while the lady listened with breathless attention, "he encouraged me that I might venture with best hope of success, to address myself directly to your ladyship."

Now the golden shower had indeed descended, and Clementina was happy. She did not scream—her head was giddy, and she scarce knew where she was; but, after a moment she said, hurriedly, "My filial duty—my maidenly modesty—my—but you must speak to my father, indeed you *must*—for *I* never can break it to him!" and away she danced to conceal from him the joy, which, like a balloon, promised to lift her from the earth. Happy Clementina!

* * * * * * *

The carriage had rolled round to the door for an afternoon's drive. Clementina, who, since morning had been, unaccountably to her parents, in extraordinary spirits, came tripping down some moments before them.

No! It cannot be! But, yes—it is. The new coachman—the wearer in his hat of that broad belt of gilt lace—the new filler of the suit of the lately discharged servant—can it be *he*! Was it one of love's disguises? [illegible]

THE YOUTH OF THE HEART.

BY MRS. C. M. SAWYER.

[illegible]

With the dews of affection and love,
And still in thy bosom unfading 'twill dwell,
When thy spirit ascendeth above!

"Oh, the youth of the heart!—'tis more precious than gold—
For it cheers e'en decrepitude's way,
And makes the world bright to us when we are old,
As it was in life's earliest day!

"Then grieve not, my child, though thy cheeks should grow pale,
And thy beautiful tresses turn gray—
But guard well the youth of thy heart, that it fail
Nor die with thy beauty away!"

The Humorist.

☞ Some caution is requisite in passing our opinion upon strangers—a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public levee of the Court of St. James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield, "Pray, my lord, who is that tall, awkward woman yonder?" "That lady, sir," replied Lord Chesterfield, "is *my sister*." The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out, "No, no, my lord—I beg your pardon—I mean that ugly woman who stands next to the Queen?" "That lady, sir," answered Lord Chesterfield, calmly, "that lady, sir, is *my wife*."

☞ A French traveller in Abyssinia, a few months ago—Monsieur Petit—in crossing the Nile was swallowed by a crocodile! After recording the event, a French paper announces with *great* regret, that the more recent intelligence brings the melancholy sequel—the fate of the *crocodile*. "Le pauvre animal! il en est mort *d'indigestion!* "*The poor animal! It died of indigestion.*" What a *tough* little gentleman Mons. *Petit* must have been!

☞ Some time since, a person in the neighborhood of Kenswick, having several hives of bees to dispose of, and being desirous to attract purchasers, caused a placard to be printed announcing the sale with the following extraordinary head lines—"Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than one hundred and forty thousand head, with an unlimited right of pasturage!" The trick succeeded to admiration.

☞ A bachelor friend of ours, who is an old Canton resident, was telling a witty legal acquaintance the other day, that over the door of his factory there had always been placed a notice of "No admittance to women." "Where was that?" says our legal friend, "At Canton." "Then I should have thought all the women would have gone to Canton," was the rejoinder.

☞ An Irishman was sent to put a letter in the post office directed to a lady. He brought it back "Bad luck to them post offices, yer honor," said he, "this letter won't go."—"Won't go?" "Divil a bit; the dirty spalpeens have got a place for letthers for *mails*, but sorra a one is there for the *females*."

☞ A king of Persia sent to a tribe of Bedouins, the Caliph Mustapha, a very celebrated physician, who inquired on his arrival how they lived. "We never eat till we are hungry, and not then to repletion," was the answer. "I may retire then," said the doctor, "I have no business here."

☞ "Why don't you get married?" said a young lady to a rather elderly bachelor friend. "I have been trying for the last ten years to find some one who would be silly enough to have me," was the reply. "I guess you havn't been up our way," was the insinuating rejoinder.

☞ Married, in Kane county, Missouri, Mr. Alfred Wine to Miss Amelia Bush. In this case, the old adage, "good *Wine* needs no *Bush*," is at fault.

☞ A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady, that if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for it is sharp enough already."

☞ Lockman, the Ethiopian, was once asked from whom he had received the first lesson of wisdom. "From the blind," replied he, "who never take a step until they have first felt the ground before them."

☞ A down east editor speaking of the progress of civilization, discourseth thus: "Its march is onward—onward like the slow but intrepid tread of a jackass towards a peck of beans."

☞ "Boys," said Admiral Trunion, as his fleet closed in combat with the Dutch under Admiral de Winter, "you see a severe *Winter* approaching, I advise you to keep *a good fire*."

☞ "Black or green tea, sir?" said a waiter at a public table, to a live Yankee. "Any color!" was the reply.

☞ "There is no *nett* gain in this," as the fisherman said ven he drew his empty sein from the water.

☞ "I'm particular uneasy on this *point*," as the fly said when the boy stuck him on the end of a pin.

☞ Why is a part of the human frame like a kind of poem? Because it's an "L. E. G."

☞ When is the letter C like a bird? When it's in a Cage.

Choice Selections.

YOUTH AND AGE.

I often think each tottering form
That limps along in life's decline,
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,
As full of idle thoughts as mine!
And each has had its dream of joy,
His own unequall'd pure romance;
Commencing when the blushing boy
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth,
Would think its scenes of love evince
More passion, more unearthly truth,
Than any tale before or since.
Yes; they could tell of tender lays
At midnight penned in classic shades,
Of days more bright than modern days—
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of Whispers in a willing ear,
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;
Each kiss, each whisper far too dear,
For modern lips to give or speak;
Of passions too untimely crossed,
Of passions slighted or betrayed—
Of kindred spirits early lost,
And buds that blossomed but to fade.

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay,
Elastic form and noble brow,
And forms—that all have passed away,
And left them what we see them now!
And is it thus, in human love
So very light and frail a thing?
And must youth's brightest visions move
Forever on Time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,
And all the lips that talk of bliss,
And all the forms so fair to sight,
Hereafter only come to this?
Then what are earth's best visions worth,
If we at length must lose them thus?
If all we value most on earth
Ere long must fade away from us?

O'CONNELL AS A COUNSELLOR.

O'Connell was born in the wilds of Kerry, in 1775. His father was (for those days) a wealthy Catholic; his family, though making great pretensions to antiquity, had never been eminent in Irish history. Young Daniel was sent to St. Omer to obtain a University education; it was not, as might be supposed, a place likely to expand the mind, or fill it with inspiring ideas, but some good professors were there, and pupils of no despicable attainments in classical learning had often left its walls. At that time the French Revolution had fixed the attention of all mankind. It had not then reached its full height, but it had shown its hatred to priestcraft, and its aversion to religious sentiment. Young O'Connell was an ardent Catholic. He was not seduced by the revolution of France, which he regarded as a blasphemous eruption in the face of God. He left France a little after the cruel and needless execution of Louis XVI. He crossed the channel on his return homeward in company with a young Corkman, who was a zealous propagandist of levelling principals, and who enthusiastically dilated on the glories of French freedom. O'Connell had, from the first, little sympathy with his fellow-traveller, who was so violent in the cause of the rights of man, but he did not feel thoroughly disgusted until his companion (who had many noble, gallant and amiable traits of character) taking a bloody handkerchief from his pocket, exultingly boasted that he had dipped it in the blood of the French King. In five years afterwards the young enthusiast was himself executed for his principles. He was John, the youngest of the unfortunate brothers, Sheares.

O'Connell was called to the bar in 1798. He made his first *entree* into public life on the question of the union being discussed. O'Connell zealously opposed the union, and publicly declared that he preferred an Irish Parliament, and the chance of emancipation to an English Legislature with the certainty of religious liberty. This declaration, when taken into account with his subsequent career, is certainly very remarkable. His maiden speech is still preserved, but beyond that declaration there is no particular object for notice in its matter.

His success at the bar was very rapid. He soon became *the* rising young Catholic lawyer. His practice at first lay in defending prisoners, and in a subsequent period of his life he was admitted to be the best criminal lawyer at the bar. At that time a Catholic Irishman had only one road for ambition, by the bar; and an eminent "counsellor" was looked up to with the greatest respect. The superiority of his forensic powers so soon became manifest, that he took up a leading position in the profession, and as soon as he acquired some legal distinction he plunged into Catholic agitation.

It must be admitted that when O'Connell first joined the Catholic Committee the affairs of the Catholics were in a very bad state. For the first few years after he entered public life he did not obtain much power, except among the lower classes. His language was violent, and he quarrelled with the Whig members, and labored to make the venerable Grattan as unpopular as possible; for which, however, he was severely taken to task in a letter called "Faction Unmasked," a political pamphlet, written with great power, of which the authorship is still unavowed. In 1816, or thereabouts, he had reached the eminence of being looked on as the most powerful man in the Catholic body, a station that he reached as much by his forensic powers at the bar, and his brilliant professional success, as by his political talents, or the popularity of his character. He went the Munster circuit, in those days, was thronged by men of great professional ability. But O'Connell ranked first among the first. His qualities as a professional man have, perhaps, never [illegible]

Perhaps his greatest quality in a court of justice was his oblivion of himself. When addressing a jury he forgot every thing around him, and thought only of bringing off his client victorious. No lust for oratorical display ever tempted him to make a speech dangerous to the party by whom he was retained. Sooner than have made such a speech as Brougham delivered in the case of Ambrose Williams, O'Connell would have thrown up his brief. He was *par excellence*, the safest advocate ever entrusted with a case. For the union of great general powers he stands without a rival in the history of the legal profession. Curran and Erskine were finer orators, but they were shallower lawyers; Plunket had a more powerful understanding, and was superior to all contemporary advocates in sustained reasoning powers, but he had little of O'Connell's versatility. If Sir Thomas Wilde had pathos and humor he would be a sort of English O'Connell. Redoubtable as was Garrow at cross-examination, he was inferior to the great Irish advocate in the art of putting a prepared witness off his guard. Besides, Garrow had a set plan for approaching a witness, and seldom made those wonderful guesses at character by which O'Connell gained many a verdict.

The circuit took him from Dublin twice a year, and he almost invariably got a public dinner at each assize town. Besides, there was a public meeting to petition for emancipation and pass resolutions. At these re-unions he always was the most applauded speaker, though it must be readily acknowledged that the palm of superior eloquence was vigorously contended for by other popular declaimers. No quality stood him in more use than his unruffled good spirits, and his perennial fountain of Irish humor, that never failed to delight an audience of his countrymen, who are always thirsty for fun. His jocund smile and insinuating manners—his coaxing ways—his jovial appearance, with his manly, athletic person, enabled him to win his way to all hearts.

A TALE OF INSANITY.

In the early part of 1840, a young man about twenty-five years of age, insane, escaped from his keepers in Brattleborough, Vermont, and wandered to the town of Springfield, Mass. Impelled by the love of mischief and guided by the half-shrewdness that often mark the maniac, he thrust his hand through a window of a jeweller's store, seized a watch and fled into the woods. Search was made and he was found, with the case of the watch only in his possession, having thrown the inside of it away. He gave as his name—not his true name—Richard Roe. He was tried, convicted and sentenced to one day solitary confinement and two years hard labor in the Massachusetts state prison.

Richard Roe, alias ——, entered this institution March 26, 1840. After his "solitary" he was required to do "the hard labor." But this he could not understand. In vain was he ordered and expostulated with; he refused to work, and he seemed dogged in his obstinacy. Discipline of another sort was administered; on the 10th of April he was whipped. Who does not know that of all the ways to make a whole man out of part of a man, the lash is the most miserable? As the officers were applying the stripes to this poor maniac (unknown to them at the time, however,) at the whipping post, how like devils must they have appeared to him! Need we write that the convict still refused to work? Four days later a heavier punishment for the same offence,—refusing to work,—was ordered—four days solitary confinement. The reflections in his gloomy cell only served to make his case more hopeless; at the same time more apparent. His actions then convinced the warden that his mind was not right. After this he was humanely favored and spent his time mostly in the cookery.

For six months previous to the expiration of his sentence, a separate arch in the prison was assigned to him. When his time was out, the late warden applied to the authorities of the town of Charlestown to have him taken care of, as he was evidently unfit to take care of himself. Up to this time he had given, in reply to repeated questionings, several aliases, but had never given his proper time.

On the day of his discharge, the chairman of the overseers of the poor saw him at the prison.

"Where are you from? asked the officer.

"Vermont," replied the poor imbecile.

"Vermont! Oh! I know something about Vermont. I have lived there," replied the officer, going on in praise of the green-hilled State, while the blank face of the idiot seemed to brighten a little with intelligence.

"What town were you born in?"

"Wallingford."

"Wallingford! I know about that town too. I have lived there, and am well acquainted with many of its inhabitants. Do you remember ——, the fiddler?"

"Yes, yes—I can fiddle too, and have fiddled with him many a time."

But it is unnecessary to sketch farther the conversation. The inquirer was cheerful in looks, kind in speech, and manifested an interest in his fate. Besides, scenes of early days were called up, and few there are, however rudely life's waves may have tossed them, who do not go back to these with pleasure. In this case even the imbecile was not an exception. He was enabled to carry back the shattered mind of the convict to the places where his childhood was passed. Confidence begets confidence, whether in the poor idiot or raving maniac. The old reserve of the prisoner vanished, and he, who for more than two years had strangely given only aliases, now gave his true name. His friends, some of the most respectable of the town of Wallingford, were written to. They soon called and made appropriate provisions for him, stating that at the time he wandered from his keepers in 1840, every search was made for him, but not being able to find him, he was supposed, until the reception of the letter, to be dead.—*Boston Post.*

A Happy Old Farmer.—The following, drawn by an old farmer eighty years of age, is one of the best sketches of human happiness we have ever read. We bespeak for it an attentive perusal, as it shows how easy it is for man to find contentment if he would but seek it in the only way where it is to be found:—*American Farmer.*

"I have lived on this farm more than half a century. I have no desire to change my residence as long as I live on earth. I have no wish to be richer than I am now. I have worshipped the God of my fathers for more than forty years. During that period I have scarcely ever been absent from the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and never have lost more than one communion season. I have never been confined to my bed of sickness a single day. The blessings of God have been richly spread around me, and I made up my mind long ago, that if I wished to be happier, *I must have more religion.*"

The Mechanic.—What class of men are more useful than the mechanics? To them we are indebted for the necessaries, and nearly all the luxuries, and comforts and ornaments of life. They are generally well informed; because, as the evening is, with many of them, a leisure [illegible]

Indolence.—Indolence is a stream which flows slowly on, but yet undermines the foundation of every virtue. A vice of a more lively nature were a more desirable tyrant than this rust of the mind, which gives a tincture of its nature to every action of one's life. It were as little hazard to be in a storm, as to lie thus perpetually becalmed; and it is to no purpose to have within one the seeds of a thousand good qualities, if we want vigor and resolution necessary for exerting them. Death brings all persons back to an equality; and this image of it, this slumber of the mind, leaves no difference between the greatest genius and the meanest understanding. A faculty of doing things remarkably praiseworthy, thus concealed, is of no more benefit to the owner, than a heap of gold to the man who dares not use it.—*Spectator.*

Botch Work.—A very eccentric clergyman named David Jones, who flourished in Gotham a few years since, was passing through Broadway one morning at an early hour, when he was startled by a voice apparently issuing from the gutter, crying, "Good morning, neighbor Jones!" The worthy divine looked about him for his "neighbor" and at last discovered an object wallowing in the gutter. "Who is it," said he, "that calls me neighbor Jones?" "Why, don't you recollect? You converted me the other Sunday." "Converted you!—oh!—yes—very probable—you look just like a piece of my botch work. If *God* had converted you, I shouldn't have found you in the gutter."

How to Ruin a Son.—Let him have his own way—allow him free use of money—suffer him to rove where he pleases on the Sabbath day—give him access to wicked companions—call him to no account for his evenings—furnish him with no stated employment. Pursue any one of these ways and your experience will be most marvellous, if you have not to mourn over a debased and ruined child. Thousands have realized the sad result, and have gone mourning to their graves.—*Portland Tribune.*

Anecdote of a French Girl.—At the marriage of Count d'Artois, the city of Paris agreed to distribute *marriage portions.* A smart little girl of sixteen, named Lise Noirin, having presented herself to inscribe her name on the list, was asked who was her lover? "Oh," said she, with great simplicity, "I have no lover; I thought the city was to furnish every thing." The answer created much merriment, and a husband was soon found for her.

Sentiment.—"Behold, my Flora, how gloriously Nature looks in her bloom! The trees are filled with blossoms, the wood is dressed in its green livery, and the plain is carpeted over with grass and flowers." "Yes, Charles, I was thinking of the same thing. These flowers are dandelions, and when they are gathered and put into a pot, with a piece of good fat pork, they make the best greens in the world."

Queer Simile.—That eccentric mortal, Lord Timothy Dexter, said many curious things, but his idea of ingratitude is the richest thing of the kind we ever met with. "Hang that fellow," said his lordship one day, while speaking of a neighbor, whom he had befriended without being thanked, "he is like a hog under a tree, eating acorns, but never thinks of looking up to see where they come from."

When you are in want of money, make believe that you are full of cash, and say that money is no object. In that case, everybody will offer to lend you any amount. Refuse until you are over persuaded and then, sooner than to be obstinate, you may oblige your kind friends by accepting their favors.

The Olio.

"SERENADE."

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

Oh wake! the wind sighs low, my love,
The vale sleeps low in mist;
Oh wake! my heart is woe, my love
'Till ye arise and list.

'Tis something like a smile, my love,
I've dashed through damp and dew,
O'er hedgerow, ditch and stile, my love,
With a tender song for you.

So wake, for well you know, my love,
My temper's none the best,
And as to *patience!* oh! my love,
I cannot say I'm blest,

The clock is striking one, my love,
Low hangs the dew filled cup,
My song will soon be done, my love,
So up! fond lady, up!

What! sleep ye yet so soundly, love,
You jade, you!—won't you rise?
While here I sing—confound ye, love,—
To beetles, knats, and flies.

Well! then from high grass new, my love,
My exit I will make,
Yet, first through sash and glass, my love,
This gentle *brickbat* take.

Exit serenader, whistling,
"High Betty Martin." Quiz.

Anecdote.—A slim spark bespoke a pair of pantaloons at a French tailor's; "be sure," said he, "to make them *very full.*" "Yes, sare, I understand you very well, tank you, sare, your custom will make me to much *honneur*"—tendering him the homage of a profound bow. When the pantaloons were brought home, how was he disappointed to find them of the same dimensions as his skin! He stamped, he raved at the tailor and the whole French nation; during which, the poor tailor stood in the corner with his hands clasped, in the utmost consternation. "Did I not give you particular directions to make them large?" "Large! large! no, sare, you say *full;* and suppose he is *large,* I believe he be very *empty.*"

How did it get There?—A gentleman exhibited to us a piece of cedar, the history of which is as follows: In digging a well on the property of Smith, Brothers & Co., at Bunker Hill, Illinois, at the distance of *fifty-three feet* beneath the surface, they came to a cedar log, embedded in the earth, and extending across the well. It was cut off—was found to be five or six inches through, and was in a state of perfect preservation. The town of Bunker Hill, as many persons know, is situated in the middle of a large and level prairie, and the gentleman who has it in his possession, who is a bit of a Yankee, "wants to know how that log of cedar got down there?"—*New Era.*

A LITTLE GEM.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But hath some little flower
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour,
There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow down,
But hath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

Steel and Brass.—It is well known that the late lamented Robert Hall was remarkable for severity in repartee. Having been unsuccessful in his addresses to Miss Ann Steele, the distinguished poetess, he was one evening rallied in company by a maiden lady, who said to him, "Mr. Hall you had better try some of us; perhaps you will find somewhere a heart [illegible]

BOOTS AND SHOES BY THE PACKAGE.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS RECEIVING CONSTANTLY, direct from the manufacturers, an assortment of good quality Boots and Shoes, suitable for city or country trade, which he will dispose of at the lowest prices for cash or city acceptances. Purchasers are invited to call and examine this stock before purchasing elsewhere.

THOS. L. EVANS,
No. 69 Chesnut below 3d street.
Jan 6-1y*

GREATEST CHEAP PUBLICATION DEPOT IN THE UNITED STATES.
G. B. ZIEBER & CO. CHEAP PUBLICATION AND PERIODICAL AGENTS,
No. 3 LEDGER BUILDING, THIRD and CHESNUT STREETS, Philadelphia,

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Newspapers.—The Saturday Courier, $2 per annum; New World, $3; Brother Jonathan, $3; Weekly and Daily Herald, $3 and $7.25; Weekly and Daily Tribune, $2 and $5; Saturday Post, $2; N. Y. Weekly and Daily Express, $2 and $6; New Y. Mirror, $3; Old Countryman, $3; London Illustrated News, $8; London Punch, $4; &c. &c.

Agents for Harper & Brothers' cheap books.
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" Greely & M'Elrath (Tribune) do.
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A. BOLMAR'S BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS, WEST CHESTER.

THIS ESTABLISHMENT, SITUATED AT West Chester, Pa., within about four hours ride from Philada., by the Columbia railroad, was built, improved and furnished some years ago, expressly for a Boarding School, at an expense of upwards of fifty thousand dollars. The situation is very healthy, and the accommodations most comfortable. A farm being a part of the establishment, furnishes for the pupils the most wholesome and desirable food. The Principal, the Teachers and the Pupils eat at the same table, and partake of the same fare.

In this School the pupils receive thorough instruction in all the English branches which constitute a good American education. The ancient and the modern languages, as well as the higher branches of Mathematics, are there taught by competent teachers of tried abilities, who all live at the school, and who devote their whole time to the improvement of their pupils.

The Course of Studies is such, that a pupil, at the choice of his friends, can receive, in a few years, such an education as will fit him for admission either into any college, into West Point or the Navy, or enable him to become a civil engineer.

Book-Keeping is taught in English, French and Spanish, and a pupil, directing his attention to a mercantile life, will receive such instruction as will, on his leaving school, enable him at once to make himself very useful in a counting house, and thereby secure for himself immediate advancement.

To those who have no knowledge of the school here announced, the Principal would observe, that it is not a new school, but one which was carried on successfully for several years in Philadelphia, from which place he removed it to West Chester, nearly 12 years ago, persuaded then that the country had many advantages over a large city to bring up boys of which he has become long since thoroughly convinced by his experience in both places.

The Principal of this school will be pleased to refer persons, desirous of placing boys under his care, not only to distinguished gentlemen who have known him for many years as an instructor of youth, but to the parents who have had, and to those who now have boys at his school, and also to many of his old scholars, who being now grown up men, are filling high offices in different parts of the Union. He will also refer those who wish to give a classical education to their sons, to the Faculties of several colleges, into which many of his pupils have been admitted, (several in advanced classes) in which they distinguished themselves, thereby proving his school to be one at which boys can receive an English and a Classical education, and AT THE SAME TIME acquire such a knowledge of the French and the Spanish as will be of infinite value to them in whatever profession or business they may afterwards devote themselves to.

N. B.—There being in West Chester churches of nearly every denomination of christians, the pupils on Sundays are taken by the Principal and the Teachers to whichever of them parents may have directed, there to attend service and to receive such instruction as is peculiar to the sect to which each pupil may belong. Besides that, religious instruction is given at the school, but without any allusion whatever to the peculiarities of any one sect. The morals and good manners of the pupils are also scrupulously attended to at all times.

The duties of the above School will be resumed on the 1st of November.

For Terms and any information respecting the School, Letters, post paid, must be directed to the Principal, as above.
nov 4-eow1y

HARDWARE.
MOORE, HEYL & CO.
No. 139 MARKET STREET
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KEEP constantly on hand a large assortment of Foreign and Domestic Hardware and Cutlery suitable for country sales, for which they will receive orders or sell cheap for cash or approved credit, and solicit an examination of their stock by purchasers visiting the city.

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sep 11-eow 6m*

READ WITH ASTONISHMENT!
THE WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF
JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT & VERMIFUGE.

THE following testimony, says the Pittsburg Daily Sun, has been voluntarily offered to the agent of Dr. Jayne, at the Franklin Head Printing Office, Third street, of the valuable effects of the use of his Vermifuge and Expectorant, by John Knox, a well known and highly respectable Book and Job Printer, of this city. The facts he states can be generally testified to by several respectable physicians, besides various inhabitants of the city, conversant with Mr. Knox's family.

Pittsburg, Oct. 20, 1843.

Mr. A. Jaynes:
Sir—Justice to Doctor D. Jayne's Medicines compels me to make you the following statement, respecting a child of mine who suffered very much from an affection of the lungs or chest.

[illegible]

THE COUNTERFEITERS

Of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. No crime can compare in wickedness, or is attended with such dreadful consequences, as that of counterfeiting a valuable medicine. Not only is the invalid robbed of earnings, which have, perhaps, been obtained through toil and suffering; but by being deceived into the use of a spurious medicine, his malady is either aggravated in its character, or suffered to rage unchecked until Death claims the victim for its own. Thus it will be seen that, the vendor of counterfeit medicine, by tampering with the lives of his fellows, becomes in a manner guilty, both of

ROBBERY AND MURDER.

How different the results which follow the use of the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Not only is the invalid speedily relieved from all suffering and pain; but those engaged in selling this extraordinary medicine, in addition to receiving a fair remuneration for their labor, enjoy the proud satisfaction of dispensing health and happiness to the people.

As all classes are therefore interested in putting down this dreadful business of Counterfeiting, let the stores of those who sell counterfeit medicine, be shunned; *and let the virtuous indignation of a generous public, administer to all concerned, a general and withering rebuke.*

The public are further informed, that medicine purporting to be Indian Pills, made by one V. O. Falck, and sold by Dr. N. Ranck, at Lebanon, Pa., are not the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. As the above named Falck, among other falsehoods, is in the habit of representing himself as an Agent or Partner of mine. This is to inform the public that said Falck is not, and never has been a partner of mine. It is true he was in my employ for about two or three weeks, in the summer of 1838, but *for certain reasons, which he certainly cannot be anxious for me to disclose,* I WAS COMPELLED TO DISCHARGE HIM. The public will therefore perceive, that statements of the above misguided man are entirely false, and that it is absolutely impossible for him to have the genuine Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills for sale.

The patrons of the above excellent Pills, will therefore be on their guard against every kind of imposition, and remember the only genuine Agents in Lebanon are

MESSRS. SMITH & HENRY, MERCHANTS.

The following highly respectable store keepers have been appointed

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Thomas Shay,	Cornwall.
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J. & M. Capp,	Jonestown.
Benjamin Hocker	Campbellstown.
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John Stump,	Newmanstown.
Martin Early,	Palmyra.
W. M. Weigley,	Shaefferstown.
Craft & Mace,	Cornwall.
Isaac Bickley,	East Cornwall.
George Hoffman,	Half-way House.
I. & I. Seltzer,	East Hanover.
Simon P. Stine,	do.
Michael Sherk,	do.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS.

The only security against imposition is to purchase from the regular advertised agents, and in all cases be particular to ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

Office, devoted exclusively to the sale of the medicine, wholesale and retail, No. 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia; No. 288 GREENWICH Street, New-York; and No. 198 TREMONT Street, Boston.

☞ Remember, none are genuine except Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.
dec 25-3m

TO THE ADMIRERS OF SHAKSPEARE AND THE FINE ARTS.
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ILLUSTRATED EDITION of SHAKSPEARE,
EMBELLISHED WITH UPWARDS OF 1200 engravings on wood, executed in the very best style of the modern school of that art, many of which will be printed in tints.

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will design, select, and arrange the illustrations.

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H. W. HEWET,
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dec 16-6m

NO EXCUSE FOR A BALD HEAD.

SINCE the important discovery of Dr. JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC, every one may, if they choose, preserve their hair from falling off, or if already bald may with certainty have their hair restored again by a faithful and persevering application of this valuable HAIR TONIC.

Please to read without prejudice the following communications, which in addition to hundreds of others equally respectable should remove the doubts of every reasonable person of the uniform and singular efficacy of JAYNE'S HAIR TONIC.

Hamilton, Feb. 15, 1840.

Dr. D. Jayne—Dear Sir:—I had not finished the first bottle of your Hair Tonic, before a decided change was manifest over the bald part of the head to which it was applied. A new growth of fine glossy hair, much like that of an infant's appeared, and has continued to increase, so that I have had it cut two or three times.

I began the use of the Tonic with little or no faith that it would ever be successful on my head; and I was as much surprised as delighted when I saw the effect. You recollect the appearance of my head when in your office. I assure you the hair has been nearly, if not quite, an inch long at the times I have had it cut, on those parts which were nearly destitute of any when you saw me. It was, however, very fine, though quite thick.

Respectfully yours, &c.
George W. Eaton.
Professor in Hamilton and Literary Theological Seminary, Madison county, N. Y.

From the Somerville (N. J.) Whig.

Some time since I called upon Mr. P. Mason, of Somerville, for Dr. Jayne's celebrated HAIR TONIC, to restore my hair, which was then falling out daily. I procured one bottle, and applied its contents according to the directions. When the bottle was exhausted, I discovered to my great surprise and satisfaction, that the YOUNG HAIR was STARTING handsomely; I therefore purchased another, and so on till I had used three bottles, and now, as a compensation, my hair is as thick as ever.

And what is more surprising, my baldness was not occasioned by sickness, in which case there is greater hope of restoration—but was hereditary.

Jas. O. Rogers, Methodist Minister,
Mount Horeb, Somerset county, N. J.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1838.

[illegible]